

Aeon of Chaos : The Fall

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Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2005-03-14 10:53:09

Updated: 2005-03-14 10:53:09

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:01:12

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,792

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The universe has been ruled for hundreds of years by the Empire by an Iron fist. Soon, the fascist Empire will fall. Leading to an Aeon of Chaos and destruction.

Aeon of Chaos : The Fall

Untitled by James Yu, A.K.A. EliteSpartan

Introduction

For many millennia, humanity believed that they were the only sentient life in the universe. As the fledgling species grew, they sprouted many societies, advanced civilizations. Unbeknownst of them, the humans were silently being watched. Ever since the creation of man, their creators, forerunners cast an ever-watchful gaze upon their creation. Waiting, silently until the time was ripe to unveil themselves, vowing to protect the fledgling human civilizations meanwhile, never intervening with their development. As many millennia passed by, humanity developed into a gargantuan empire. As soon as the humans achieved deep space travel capabilities and primitive warping technologies, the forerunners witnessed countless acts of violence, hate, and insanity on a totally new level. Humans, with their newfound freedom from their home-world began spreading, almost like an epidemic, settling a planet and striping it of its resources then moving on from the desolate wasteland, from one planet to the next. Soon, barren planets became barren solar systems, then to entire galaxies. Deeming humanity too dangerous to exist, the forerunners began constructing a new race, a predator race, to seek and destroy humanity, and wipe them out to extinction. To this race, the forerunners endowed aggressiveness, accelerated technology, near invulnerability, and a mind devoid of conscience. The forerunners christened their new creation, Omega, as in to end all life. Over time, the Omega developed a central consciousness; hive minds, near brutal efficiency, and infectious properties. At the genetic peak of the Omega development, they turned on their masters. Omega flooded the great city ships of their creators, slaughtering or assimilating

all in their way. Thus, the forerunners came to extinction. After assimilating the forerunners, the Omega began to rapidly advance and mutate, becoming near "perfect" life forms. With the transformation, the Omega began to spread. From one world to the next, assimilating "worthy" life forms, and slaughtering inferior species, gradually making their way to the unknowing humansâ€!

Location: M S C (Mercenary Space Craft) NOX, Subspace: En Route to Epilson Sigma system

Time: 00:00, January 1, 98621 Imperial Federation Standard

Final Subspace Jump protocol Initiated

/Jump Entry successful/

Mercenary Captain John Seraph let out a rare explosive sigh of relief.

"Jim, check the consoles. Did we lose them?"

"I doubt it," Jim worryingly replied, "with those Imperial Federation issue Nirvana class Police carriers, who knows?"

John gave another explosive sigh.

"There is no way we can survive another encounter like that. Not with the sensitive cargo we're smuggling. This job better be worth it."

Just then, the cockpit entry hatch opened, a short haggard looking man walked in.

"Damage report Sergeant," John began, "I want to know everything that happened"

"Well to say the least, the ship needs urgent repairs Captain. Our primary reactor has a cracked casing, hull integrity is at 60, and the primary life support generators are shot. As of three minutes ago, we are running on our secondary life support systems, with secondary generators powering them. I estimate a maximum of sixty hours until the ship falls apart." The Sergeant replied.

"This is bad, very bad." Jim added, "Readings indicate that the Nox will be at its destination in little under fifty six hours. That leaves a time-frame of four hours to initiate real-space entry protocols and dock for repairs."

"Still technically possible to make this through then. Everyone get back to your stations. Jim, I want you to man the main Navigation Console. Sergeant, I want you back with the technicians, tell them to hold on. Also, call Dan up here, I need him to man the Passive Radar Console," ordered John.

Location: I F (Imperial Federation) Remote Sensor Outpost/Deep Space Research Station 115 (R S O): Classified

Time: 15:48, January 1

I F Marine Pvt. Carlos Hernandez was just checking in for the

graveyard shift of monitoring the surrounding region of space around the remote Sensory Outpost and Classified research station. It was mainly a backwater outpost in the middle of nowhere in the vast expanse of space. Away from serving combat duty on the dangerous fronts of the rebel pirate systems, Pvt. Carlos was content his long boring job in his solitary corner of the universe.

As he sleepily glanced at his displays, spotted a moving object. It was huge, shaped like a wasp, and had a strange predatory beauty. Swiftly and gracefully, it moved towards the outpost. Carlos didn't know what to do. The "thing" did not look like any Terran spacecraft he had ever seen before. Better yet, it did not seem like a Terran spacecraft at all. Carlos did what he was trained to do, he pressed a small red button that activated the alarm. As he did so, small pinpoints of light appeared from the alien object.

"Beautiful" he murmured to himself, the aurora speedily accelerating towards him was the last thing he ever saw!

On the other modules of the station, red blaring lights came on and a loud, shrill alarm sounded.

"ALL PERSONNEL TO COMBAT STATIONS!" blared the intercom.

I F Intel Officer Alexi Klashinof woke from his cot.

"What in bloody hell is this about?" he yelled.

Just then, an explosion consumed the cots next to him, their occupants instantly killed. Immediately, an URGENT class message beeped on his Comm. Wrist display.

Lieutenant Alexi Klashinof, Report to bridge immediately

Alexi hastily put on his uniform, grabbed his standard issue pistol, and walked towards the laboratory, onwards to the bridge. His small journey however, was cut short by an explosion, which shook the station to its core! The jolt hurled Alexi into an empty lab specimen cage, and slammed itself shut. Hit in the back of the head by something that Alexi could not see, unconsciousness was immediate.

In the Command Module, Base Monitor, Captain Charles Dugalle stared impatiently at the station status screens.

Shields Down, Hull Integrity down to 40, Sensor Outpost Destroyed

"Damn. Things can't get any better than this," Charles muttered to himself.

Another explosion, and the groaning of strained adamant-titanium hull sounded.

"Lee? Damage report," Charles ordered, "I want one on the double!"

"Sir! The reactor shielding is cracked and going critical, Hull integrity now at 10, shields are down, and life support is failing. Our Comm Line is also running on backups." Reported Lee.

"Good. Activate the emergency distress beacon. Also, send a distress call to HQ through the ansible," ordered Charles.

"Yes sir! Consider it done!" Lee replied.

Location: M S C the NOX, Subspace: En Route to Epsilon Sigma system

Time: 16:00, January 1

All the way from the Command Module of the I F R S O 115, a tiny wave of ansible waves passed swiftly at 100 times the speed of light through the dark void of space. Along its path, a small Phantom class freighter known as the NOX also glided gracefully alongside the beamâ€!

INCOMING URGENT CLASS PRIORITY TRANSMISSION

I F R S O 115 Remote Outpost Station under attack. Calling to ALL I F ships nearby

John inhaled sharply as he read the message.

"Jim can you trace the origin of that ansible transmission? I want the results within the hour."

"Sorry John but its going to take at least eight hours judging by the military grade encryption system. " Jim replied,

"Ok fine with me, just get that decryption done. It could be a stealth ping data trapâ€! I F Inquisitor class Carriers use Emergency beacon transmissions to lure pirates into traps. I want to find out if this is real. Lives could be at stake if it isâ€!"

Location: I F R S O 115, Classified

Time: 17:00 January 1

Captain Charles Dugalle gave a sigh of defeat. Within two hours, his state-of-the-art military outpost had been nearly wiped out.

"How could this have happened?" he muttered to himself, "No one Terran vessel can do something like thisâ€!"

Suddenly, all except one of the Holography Viewing screens went blank.

"Sir! There's a strange virus in our system! It has just looked through all of a programs, and its now fighting for control over the station!"

Another explosion wrecked across the viewing screen. This time, the assailant came to view. A wasp like ship made of some alien material. The bottom of the Wasp opened up and accelerated a missile like object towards him.

"A missileâ€! We're doomedâ€!" He muttered, "Lee, put this station on Automated maneuvering mode. Begin evacuation protocols, we're abandoning this base."

"Captain, that last missile hit the ship but didn't detonateâ€| It's most likely, a boarding party of some sort. Scanners indicate that there were life forms on the missile." Explained Lee.

"Oh my Gâ€|" was all that Charles Dugalle managed to say before the hatch to the command bridge blew openâ€|

There was a flash of light and all of the crewmen on deck were on the floor, paralyzed, but conscious. In his peripheral vision, Charles could see a vaguely human bipedal in the doorway. The strange alien moved towards him with alarming speed and grace. Apon closer inspection, the alien was horribly disfigured and twisted out of shape. Looking vaguely insect-like and half like a rotting corpse, a strange thought emanated from it.

Inferior humansâ€| They do have their merits howeverâ€| Charles though.

Then the alien got up, reached into its chest cavity, and took out a strange wriggling object. One by one, it placed the wriggling object on each of the crewmen except for Charles. When Charles was the last one remaining, the alien turned back, and called to one of his comrades.

We take this one alive to assimilate. We may have some other use for him. He most likely has knowledge on where we can find the ultimate life formâ€| it explained.

It turned to Charles, took up a claw, and dug it into Charles. Immediately, he blacked outâ€|

Location: I F High Command (High Com): Asteroid cluster Eros, Closely guarded secret, C S G, High Priority Classified

Time: 19:00 January 1

Deep within the dark recesses of space, floated a dark asteroid with strange energy absorbing properties, rendering it invisible to all forms of sensors other than Military grade Deep Radarâ€| Three trillion years ago, the asteroid had been a home for the forerunners, one of the millions of dwellings that the forerunners had used over the course of many millennia. Long after the fall of the forerunners, a lone Imperial Federation vessel limped from battle, and docked with this asteroid to seek refuge. From that time on, the asteroid grew from a hiding place, to a remote outpost, to the center of the galactic I F force command. The station boasted a population of half a million, self sustaining advanced hydroponics gardens, water and oxygen generators, a universal communications array a.k.a. the ansible, advanced surveillance stations, fifty individual ships docking bays, and the Command Center of the Imperial Federation. For its defense, the station hosts a unique cloaking field, 200 individual computer controlled Electro Magnetic Accelerator Cannon turrets (E M A C) fed on Electro Magnetic Pulse rounds, 6 computer controlled Molecular Detachment cannons, and over four thousand conventional machine gun turrets fed with antimatter and acid rounds. Powering these computer-controlled turrets were five hundred Beta class slave AI, commanded by 12 Alpha class Master AI. High Com also had around 60 Nirvana class carriers on active duty at any given time, with another fifty more at its disposal. To put it short, High

Com is an impregnable fortress. It was impossible to move within three parsecs of High Com without being detected by the advanced surveillance stations and hailed by one of the 60 Nirvana class carriers on patrol. Even after surviving the carriers, it was also impossible for any ship to survive a barrage of 200 E M A C fire. Each E M A C shell would hit a target, and start generating electromagnetic pulses, disabling any electronics within an attacking ship. The shell would also generate extremely hazardous radiation, stopping any biological material within range. Putting that aside, if anyone did survive the carriers and the cannons, nothing would be able to survive the six molecular detachment devices. A round of M D traveled at four times the speed of light. Once hitting a target, it would course through the whole mass like fire and would rip each sub atomic particle apart, completely and utterly destroying anything in its path. Once that happened, the beam would move on to the next closest mass, ripping that apart as well. The beam would spread like chain lighting until nothing remained within range. Even if, somehow something managed to survive the Carriers, E M A C, the M D, nothing can remain intact after a barrage of 4000 machine gun turrets powered with antimatter and acid rounds... As said before, impregnableâ€|

Eros, a.k.a. High Com was utter chaos. News of the attack through ansible had reached the computer core, triggering an alarm. In order to stem off the leakage of information through the ansible, the signal was silenced soon after downloading the message it beheld. To any Non-Military ansible reading equipment, the only message that would be shown would be a simple rescue beacon. To Military grade ansible detection and de-encryption software, the message carried footage on the attackers, full damage report, exact location of assault, and the condition of the highly sensitive cargo that the base was carrying. In this case, it was a highly secret laboratory.

Fleet Admiral Vincent Howe, commander to all of the Imperial Federation Naval forces, was up late. Ever since an emergency ansible message came in, the senior command staff of Eros was on first class alert, along with a quarter of the populace of Eros. Already, 2 carrier groups of 3 Instigator class frigates, 12 Wraith class fighters, 1 Nirvana class carrier, and four I F Elite Specialist Operatives (I F E S O) squads of six members each were deployed. To Howe, the firepower deployed seemed a tad bit excessive. However, this being the first 'first class combat alert' triggered ever since the rebellion of the Theta Sigma colonies. Even at that, only sixteen carrier groups were required to recapture and police the four rebel Gamma class colony planets, each being guarded by sixty outdated Nirvana carriers. Yet again, Vincent didn't know what were in store for the two carrier groups that had been launchedâ€|

Location: I F R S O 115, Classified.

Time 20:00, January 1

Intel Officer Lieutenant Alexi Klashinof woke up with a splitting headache. The first question that came into his mind was: How long had he been out? With a brief glance at his wrist display, almost three hoursâ€| The bridge had been expecting him. What of them? On his pad, he called up the camera view of the bridge and security stations. Abandoned, all of them. Not even a trace of activityâ€| Something was wrongâ€| very wrong. Just then, something came into

viewâ€| Something strange and not humanâ€| as soon as he got a good look at the thing, the camera went outâ€| On the other displays, Alexi could see that the laboratory stasis fields for bio experiments and the long term E M P cages for bio mechanical experiments had been either deactivated or destroyed during the assault on the station, the former inhabitants of the cages now running freeâ€|

Location: I F R S O CONTROL CENTER COMPUTER MAINFRAME, I F server.
Net

File Look Up Location: I F.GOV/RESTRICTED/EXPIRIMENTS/LOG
RESULTS

LOADING FILE

LOAD COMPLETE: Displayingâ€|

PRODUCT: Project-Brain Worm

Project notes: After months of inconclusive experiments, we have finally gone through a breakthrough! Genetically enhancing leeches, we have found a way to reanimate the dead, or take over live tissue. These genetically enhanced leeches become parasites, feeding off the spinal fluid of any organism, or feeding off the electrical leakage in the positronic brains in computers and machines. Once a leech implants itself within a host, be it biological or mechanical, it will begin secreting genetic overriding fluid within the host, and will transform the host into a much-improved state of what it was. Although physical enhancements are off the charts, the price of being a host seems to be decreased range of mental capabilities in Biological hosts, and no effect on mechanical hosts. This transformation usually requires a time frame of two hours. After the transformation, the leech begins moving inside the brain of the organism/machine and starts to control it. The leech seems to feed on the flesh of any organism it comes in contact with and spreads by multiplying itself within the host body and releasing itself as spores. Should any escape from captivity, it must be destroyed. Such escape would trigger an epidemic. To kill a Brain Worm inside of its host, the severance of the spine to the head, or any extreme trauma to the head would suffice.

PRODUCT: Project-Tyrant

Project notes: Using the same genetic enhancement of the leeches on humans, a giant bloodthirsty behemoth (a.k.a. tyrant) is formed. As with the Brain Worms, the guinea pigs' muscle mass increased by 400, and the metabolism of the tyrant increased by 1000. Sadly, this improvement also decreased the intelligence of the tyrant to that of an insect. Its primary thought capacity seems to be revolving about killing prey and eating. Unlike the Brain Worm, tyrants cannot reproduce. The only production facility is onboard the I F R S O 115 by means of mass production. Potential for the tyrant is high for military uses. In case of danger, tyrants are almost impossible to kill. Fortunately, there is an exposed vital organ in the center of the chest. Shooting at that can maim or kill a tyrant. Otherwise, any other wounded body part would be quickly regenerated or replaced, due to the heightened metabolism. **Warning** Do not place specimens near Brain Worms. Infected Tyrants are highly dangerous.

PRODUCT: Project-Cerebus

Project notes: By transferring a human brain into the processing core of a Dragoon class Battle Bot, a human controlled mechanized battle bot is created. With the typical equipment of a Dragoon consisting of two .48 centimeter arm-mounted MiniMACs, thermal-inferred-active/pассив sonar-x ray visual and aural equipment, and a stable stealth magnetic levitation propulsion drive, Cerebus is the ultimate combat drone. For safety measures, minor weaknesses and flaws have been implanted; one is being a semi vulnerable layer of armor between the outside and the computer/brain core.

ALERT! ALERT! ALERT! ALERT! ALERT! ALERT! ALERT! ALERT! ALERT!

BIO MECHANICAL CONTAINMENT FACILITIES IN I F S O 115 HAVE BEEN DEACTIVATED

Location: M S C the NOX, Subspace: En Route to Epsilon Sigma system

Time: 24:00, January 1

"Ok Jim, you've had your eight hours. What are the results?"

"Almost doneâ€|. Okay its decoded. Ill patch it up to the ship HUD screen."

I F R S O 115 under First Class Priority Alert. Being attacked by a ship of unknown origin. Secret Cargo Endangered, Status: Hull Integrity 10 Life support failing. Location Gamma Sigma system

"Attacked by a ship of unknown origin? Jim, can you upload any footage of this mystery ship?"

"Can't Johnâ€| We need a five billion-digit decryption code. It's going to take years to get through it."

"Ok never mind then. Sergeant, we need to get this ship up to maximum speed. Forget about the hull integrity, put our gravitational propulsion drive to maximum. That should shorten our voyage to an hour. Also, release the nano-repair bots onto the hull. That should be able to bring up the hull integrity up to 80. As soon as we reach the Epilson Sigma System, forget the hails. Just dock on and get this ship repaired and our weapons restocked."

"Will do sir, will doâ€|"

Location: I F R S O 115, Bio-Mechanical Experiment room

Time: 1:00 January 2

From outside his cage, Alexi could hear the sound of metal banging against metal, and the near silent whisper of anti gravity propulsion drives. Whatever was out there, Alexi knew for sure that it wouldn't be good. Judging from the steel that the cage he was in, he assumed that he would be safe for a while. After a good look at the interior, this cage was actually a cargo hold. Looking around where he was, there were stacks of things on the sides. Curious, he lifted a crate

and he busted it open. What came out was a strange looking object in the shape of a rifle. On the lid of the crate, Alexi could barely manage to understand what it said:

Experimental hand held Neutron beam Rifles. Use like ordinary rifle. Run by Nuclear Battery, good for 60 thousand years of use. Effective against Biological AND Mechanical targets. Burns biological material on contact, overloads Mechanical circuitry on impact. Range: 400 feet

At that, Alexi examined his newfound Neutron Beam Rifle. It was light and well balanced, with a scope and a settings panel. The panel had the options of Rapid Fire, Semi-Auto fire, and all types of scope types. To this, he set the Neutron Beam rifle to rapid fire and shouldered another, getting ready for an encounterâ€|

Location: M S C The NOX, Epilson Sigma System, Docked with CITY STATION GAMMA

TIME: 2:00 January 2

City Station Gamma was notorious for being one of the filthiest most crowded City Stations in the far reaches of the Imperial Federation command. With twelve revolt tallies under its belt, it by far, was most chaotic as well. City Station Gamma was a hive of illegal activities. Hundreds of bars, drug houses, unauthorized fast food restaurants; arms dealers, stolen ship chop shops, and mercenary recruitment stations took up residence in City Station Gamma. One could theoretically, find anything in City Station Gamma, if you know where to lookâ€|

John looked outside through the NOX's external Camera viewing screens. Carefully, John guided the NOX into the external docking cradle. A few minutes later, the ship was docked. The hissing sound of stale air being sucked into the station sounded from the door hatch. Within a few seconds, that too opened up, exposing an enormous docking bay and repair bay. All John had to do was COM transfer funds from his bank account to the repair station so they can start repairing the damage done.

"Ok guys, I'm leaving for the Mercenary Recruitment Station to cash our prize in. Jim, can you go and find some new upgrades for the NOX? Sergeant, make sure that the repair drones don't take anything. Also, tell the technicians in the back to help the repair drones when possible. Well I'm off."

After that was done, John swiftly pulled out a silver suitcase and started towards the Mercenary Recruitment station.

At the station, everyone recognized him,

"Hey John, back from the dead eh?"

"Four I F Nirvana class carriers this time, a new record!"

"This time the police really scratched your ship!"

"Sixty thousand credits on your head this time!"

John did not say a word. Instead, he went directly towards the main

information booth. In the booth was a interactive mechanical terminal. John went up to this and clearly enunciated:

" Seraph, John. Cashing in objective #SN6951"

Then came a disembodied reply:

" Thank you Seraph, John. Insert the package into the slot and have a nice day."

At that, John hefted the heavy suitcase and slid it into the welcoming slot. From another slot, came a receipt saying:

January 2, 98621 I F S, 01:42:03

Funds Transfer: 2000000

From Account: 321654987

To Account: 789456123

Anonymous exchange

Now, the job was fully done. What was inside the suitcase was a permanent secret to him. Not that he would have looked in it, John was a strong believer of Professional Client confidentiality and conducted always on need to know basis. However, this package drop aroused his curiosityâ€| Had it been worth risking the lives of seven people for one suitcase? He will never knowâ€| However, along with the receipt, came yet another job. At this, he started towards the Repair Pad.

Back in the repair pad, John could see that the ship was undergoing serious refit and repairs. Crates of things were everywhere. John casually glanced at one labeled NUCLEAR REACTOR SHIELDING, and another labeled SUB-NUCLEAR GUIDED MISSILE POD. A case of NITRO-GLYCERIN lay casually on the floor. John knew that merely a small jolt of the case would ignite the nitroglycerin, perhaps taking out half the station with it. John walked around, making a point to not go within six feet of the case of nitro. Next to the ship entrance hatch, Jim was inspecting the work of the repair drones. Immediately, he snapped to attention.

"Sir! We've just completed repairs. Now we're working on upgrading our Phantom class ship into a Phantom Beta. Our armor has been thickened by at least 200, we have three MG turrets now, a ship disguise system, and we even managed to get an experimental MD mini. I had to replace the reactor and the life support, so we're running on a newer more efficient version of what we had. The reactor can deal more than 900 tera-watts at any given time. That gives us some energy room to use our MD mini, and a few other upgrades that we've installed."

"Ok good. When do you think all of the upgrades will be repaired by? We've got another job and the mercenary protocol requires us to be off station to open it."

"All upgrades should be done within the hour."

"Thanks Jim, keep up the good work"

Location: M S C The NOX, Epsilon Sigma System, Docked with CITY STATION GAMMA

TIME: 4:00 January 2

After a length of two hours of extensive repairs and upgrades, the NOX was finally space-worthy again. Already, the crew of the NOX sat inside the ship, preparing for un-docking procedures and planning out course vectors. Outside, an alarm sounded, it was time to lift off. John manned the piloting console, he slowly pushed a control stick out, and the ship slowly complied by carefully lifting itself out of the cradle. At that, another alarm sounded as the secondary air seal blew out and exposed a path towards the primary air seal. Towards this, John carefully maneuvered the NOX through this narrow passage. Behind the NOX, the secondary air seal shut, sucking the air out of the passage. Now, the primary air seal opened, leading off to space! John eased up a bit, the worst was behind them, now for a leisurely ride to the next objective. As if disagreeing, an alarm went off, this time an alarm from inside the ship. Jim looked up from his detection console.

"32 ships approaching from our six! Each from various classes! Looks like two Imperial Federation Carrier groups!"

"WHAT? This must be big to require the fire power of two carrier groups. Jim, turn off your active radar NOW!"

"Yes sir, switching to passive!"

John hastily maneuvered the NOX into the shadow of the station, where it would not be detected. Suddenly, two Wraith fighters and one Instigator Frigate broke out of formation and headed towards the NOX, obviously, they had seen him. As they came, sensors indicated large signatures of energy movement from the assailants, they were hostile! John immediately engaged the NOX's shields. The shield status bar on his heads up display swiftly increased, until it had hit its peak. Then he too, started charging his weapons. On the HUD, John could see the ships moving into formation, getting ready to fire. The two Wraith fighters fired first with their dual MG cannons. John felt the impacts of the 60mm shells hitting the shields, making small silver pinpricks on the surface of the NOX's shields. In the HUD, the shields dropped by a 10, not even a scratch. It was ages until the NOX's weapons charged up to full. Immediately, John targeted a Wraith fighter and armed the MD mini. It took three seconds for the NOX's targeting computer to get a good lock, and afterwards, John pulled the trigger. The ship's lights dimmed a bit, and the hull shook. A moment after, the HUD displayed an enormous explosion that engulfed both Wraith fighters. In the cloud of dust, only the Instigator Frigate remained.

End
file.